

E

664

Inc.

US



Class ELC

Book 222 UL









# JEFF DAVIS

(Late a Senator from Arkansas)

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE  
AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES  
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS  
THIRD SESSION

Proceedings in the Senate  
March 1, 1913

Proceedings in the House  
February 23, 1913

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF  
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING



WASHINGTON  
1913





## TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

<b>Proceedings in the Senate:</b>	<b>Page.</b>
Prayer by Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D.-----	5, 8
Memorial addresses by—	
Mr. Clarke, of Arkansas-----	11
Mr. Bryan, of Florida-----	24
Mr. Ashurst, of Arizona-----	26
Mr. Martine, of New Jersey-----	30
Mr. Kavanaugh, of Arkansas-----	32
<b>Proceedings in the House:</b>	
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D.-----	39
Memorial addresses by—	
Mr. Flood, of Arkansas-----	41
Mr. Russell, of Missouri-----	49
Mr. Cullop, of Indiana-----	53
Mr. Oldfield, of Arkansas-----	57
Mr. Taylor, of Arkansas-----	61
Mr. Jacoway, of Arkansas-----	67
Mr. Goodwin, of Arkansas-----	72
Mr. Sisson, of Mississippi-----	78
Funeral address by Judge Jephtha Evans-----	63







1881

## DEATH OF HON. JEFF DAVIS

---

### PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

FRIDAY, *January 3, 1913.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou who hearest prayer, hearken unto us, we beseech Thee, as we make our morning supplication. Thou knowest our frame, Thou rememberest that we are dust. Thou hast made us to know how frail we are, and how brief and uncertain is our tenure in these houses of clay. Thou hast called from our midst a Member of this Senate, making us to know anew that the way of man is not in himself alone, and that it is not in us who walk to direct our steps. And to whom may we turn, our Father, but to Thee who holdest us in Thy keeping, living or dying? We humbly commit ourselves to Thee, praying that Thou wilt keep us evermore in Thy love and uphold us with Thy spirit.

And now may God, our Father, who hast loved us with an everlasting love, and who hast called us into His eternal kingdom in Christ, comfort our hearts and establish them in every good word and in every good work. Unto Him be glory and honor, dominion and power, now and forevermore. Amen.

The Secretary proceeded to read the Journal of yesterday's proceedings, when, on request of Mr. Cullom and

by unanimous consent, the further reading was dispensed with and the Journal was approved.

Mr. CLARKE of Arkansas. Mr. President, it becomes my melancholy duty to announce to the Senate the death of my colleague, Senator JEFF DAVIS, who departed this life at Little Rock on yesterday. With this simple statement there is announced the close of the career of one of the most extraordinary men of his time and section. This is not the appropriate time to analyze his purposes and his plans with a view of determining the philosophy that controlled his life, public and private, but another time will be chosen for that purpose, when I shall ask the Senate to lay aside its usual business to give attention to that feature of his career.

He was extraordinary in the sense that he inspired friendships that knew no deviation and no surrender and provoked criticisms that absolutely went beyond the bounds of all possible reason. To ascertain the purposes that ran through his life will be the interesting study of those of us who had some opportunity to observe his course and to know his motives. As I said, I shall not proceed further along that line at this time, as I hope to be able hereafter to join with his other friends here in paying proper tribute to his life and his memory.

I ask for the adoption of the resolutions which I now send to the desk.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Senator from Arkansas submits resolutions, for which he asks present consideration. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 17) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

*Resolved*, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate pro tempore to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. DAVIS at his late home in Little Rock, Ark.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore appointed as the committee under the second resolution Mr. Clarke of Arkansas, Mr. Pomerene, Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Clapp.

Mr. CLARKE of Arkansas. Mr. President, I offer the following resolution, and ask for its adoption.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate, and the Senate sitting as a Court of Impeachment, do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolution submitted by the Senator from Arkansas.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to, and (at 12 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, January 4, 1913, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, *February 18, 1913.*

Mr. CLARKE of Arkansas. I give notice that on March 1 I shall ask the Senate to consider resolutions commemorative of the life and public character of the late Senator JEFF DAVIS, from the State of Arkansas.

SATURDAY, *March 1, 1913.*

The Senate met at 10 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the gracious Providence which brings us to this day of solemn and reverent memory. As we recall the life and public service of him whom we this day commemorate, we pray Thee to inspire our minds and to give utterance to our lips that we may fitly honor the life which Thou hast called to Thy nearer presence and to Thy higher service.

We pray Thee, our Father, to comfort those that mourn. Uphold them by Thy heavenly grace and grant that neither the height of remembered joys nor the depth of sorrows that can not be forgotten, nor the present with its burdens nor the future with its loneliness may be able to separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

In the name of Him who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light, hear Thou our prayer. Amen.

Mr. CLARKE of Arkansas. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Page in the chair). The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Arkansas will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 490) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with deep sorrow of the death of the Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.



---

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

---

*Resolved*, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.



## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

---

### ADDRESS OF MR. CLARKE, OF ARKANSAS

MR. PRESIDENT: SENATOR JEFF DAVIS—and he delighted to call himself JEFF, and to have his intimate friends do the same—died suddenly at his home in Little Rock on January 2, 1913. As I said on another occasion, thus ended abruptly and prematurely the career of one of the most extraordinary men who made his appearance in the South in a generation. A simple recital of the events of his life, in sufficient detail to make his methods, his purposes, and his plans understood, would demonstrate this beyond reasonable dispute or cavil, but the proprieties of the present occasion will be satisfied with a less comprehensive treatment of the subject. Perhaps the time has not as yet come when this can be done impartially and fully. While the tongue of criticism and complaint is stilled by the shock caused by his death, and in the presence of his sorrowing family and friends, permanent impressions nevertheless exist which will inevitably find expression, when the sadness and sympathy of the hour shall have been forgotten, by those outside of the crushed and sorrowing circle of his family. This element may demand a hearing before a final and accepted judgment shall be entered against his name and fame.

SENATOR DAVIS was born in Little River County, Ark., on May 6, 1862. His father was Judge Lewis W. Davis, in early life a Baptist clergyman, and subsequently a

practicing lawyer of respectable attainments and high character. His mother still survives, and is noted among those who know her as a woman of strong character, superior intelligence, and noble qualities as a wife, mother, and as a leader in the Christian and charitable work of the communities in which she has resided. While the dead Senator was yet a boy his father moved with his family to the county of Pope, where he resided until the time of his death, which occurred a few years since. There young Davis spent his boyhood until he entered the University of the State of Arkansas, where he remained for a period less than that required to cover the prescribed course for graduation. Shortly after he left the university he was chosen prosecuting attorney of one of the most important districts of the State. He discharged the duties of that office in a way that strikingly directed to him the attention of a section of the State which largely exceeded the boundaries of his district. At that time there was a well-organized and fierce conflict raging between what was then known as the People's Party and the dominant party of the State.

The young prosecuting attorney was frequently taken from his labors in his district and sent to distant parts of the State to maintain the principles and support of the candidates of the Democratic Party. His methods of debate were unique and forceful, and never failed to leave behind him an impression that caused the event to be recalled for a long time after his departure. About the time he was elected prosecuting attorney he was married to Miss Ina McKenzie, herself the daughter of a Methodist minister. It is worth while, in passing, to call attention to the remarkable contribution made to the effective working forces of society by the pioneer Christian preachers of our frontier civilization. The personal

hardships of this ministry, and the rugged qualities of steadfastness to a high purpose which caused them to devote themselves to the salvation of a weak and fallen humanity, reproduced their honesty and masterful qualities of fidelity in an offspring that constitute many of the leaders of the race in the communities where they cast their lot. The history of nearly every community in the Southwest will disclose instances which furnish verification for this observation. The case of Senator DAVIS, and that of his beloved and devoted wife, bear as strong evidence of this as any incident within my personal observation. Senator DAVIS was the beneficiary of much good luck and many fortunate contingencies, but in my humble opinion none of them have so profoundly affected his career as the circumstances which directed his course across the pathway of Ina McKenzie and united his destiny with hers. I enjoyed abundant opportunities for knowing personally that she was a woman of a masterful mind, strong convictions, and of gentle and powerful personality. She was the only person I ever knew who could influence Senator DAVIS against what appeared to be his settled and fixed whims or purposes. With a woman's intuition she knew exactly what he ought to do, and where her judgment conflicted with his she generally found means to cause her views and wishes to be respected. She was not an unsexed woman who ruled by force of command, but she employed in her conquest womanly qualities only. These she possessed without limit, and by the exertion of them was able to control in such a way as to be in fact the helpmate of her husband, and to become the head of a family of children whose habits, character, and demeanor testify to the fact that while she was familiar with the controversies and methods of affairs outside of the home circle, above all she was at her best in her home. A few years since she died,

leaving behind her a mourning family of splendid children and a distressed host of friends, all only too sensible of the fact that they had lost a devoted mother and an inspired counselor. A short time before his death Senator DAVIS was married to Miss Lelia Carter, a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in western Arkansas. A host of devoted friends have tendered the inadequate and unavailing consolation of sympathy to her in the hour of her great bereavement.

Shortly after the termination of his service as prosecuting attorney Senator DAVIS became a candidate for attorney general, one of the most important offices in the State. In those days we did not have what is known as a general or blanket primary election for the selection of party candidates. Each county selected its delegates to the State convention and the method of selection was determined by each county for itself. These were usually held on different days and by different methods. Some employed a county primary to express the preferences to be supported in the State convention, while some held what is known as township or precinct meetings to select delegates to a county convention, which in turn would express the preference of the county for the particular State offices. There were several candidates in opposition to DAVIS, but the principal one was Prof. Goar, the head of the Arkansas Law School. In nearly every county where a convention had been held the instructions had been given in favor of Prof. Goar, and his nomination was considered a foregone conclusion.

While addressing a meeting of voters in Madison County he suddenly fell dead, and by this sad and sudden event the political history of Arkansas for the intervening years has been cast on lines that could never before have been dreamed of as a possibility. After the death of Prof. Goar the tide of political favor began to

turn to Senator DAVIS, so that when the convention assembled he had a majority of 1 vote over all of his competitors, and was nominated on the first ballot. It is part of the history of that struggle that when the tide of popular favor seemed to be running so strongly in the direction of Prof. Goar, Senator DAVIS, realizing his probable defeat, had begun to mature his plans to transfer his residence to the State of Oklahoma. But all this was changed by his election as attorney general. From that time forward began a long career as spectacular and turbulent as that of any man who ever sought public office and political control during a period of peace and in a civilized Commonwealth. Directly upon his entering the attorney general's office the legislature passed an act intended to suppress the depredations of the commercial trusts in so far as their conspiracies contemplated impositions upon the people of the State of Arkansas.

A conflict as to the proper interpretation of this act in its application to insurance companies immediately arose, and the new attorney general construed the statute to mean the absolute exclusion of all such companies from the right to do business in Arkansas if they were associated in any part of the world with any group of companies having a common purpose to control rates. This attitude was sharply antagonized by the friends of the insurance companies, and out of this difference of opinion came a pivotal opportunity which he had the ingenuity to seize and develop into a volume of protests against monopoly that proved sufficient to land him in the governor's office two years later. It is no disparagement to Senator DAVIS to say that two years before these events occurred no one would have ventured the prediction that such a selection was a political possibility. His election to the governorship literally wrecked all the organized political plans and systems that had grown up in the

State for half a century. The resulting demoralization and revolution in the administration of public affairs was no surprise to those who knew the real extent of the wreck and ruin wrought upon the established order thereby. His stay of six years in the governor's office was from the very first day to the last a period of audacious activity and a constant warfare upon all the old arrangements and political traditions of the State. As governor he was called upon to make a great many appointments to important public offices. He invariably chose those who might not have expected promotion under the old régime. It is complimentary to the general intelligence and learning of the citizenship of the State that notwithstanding his appointees were chosen from among persons who would not in the regular course be mentioned in connection with the offices they were called upon by him to fill, that they invariably "made good" and vindicated in nearly every instance the sound judgment which he exercised when he seemed to depart from the course marked out by the policy of political heredity.

Ingratitude is a very human quality, and it is so freely exercised in the ordinary affairs of men that whilst it is always hated it is never regarded as a stranger and rarely excites surprise. It is complimentary to the sense of appreciation and fidelity of the hosts that he called around him as volunteers serving the purposes of a carefully created, systematically organized, and specially favored "machine" that he was rarely the victim of ingratitude, and those of us who witnessed the 200 or more beneficiaries of his favor as they sorrowfully walked behind the hearse that bore his lifeless body to the grave felt that he had contrived according to a deeper philosophy and a sounder estimate of humanity than many of us suspected when he called around him that body of partisans whom he delighted to call the "Old Guard." The



Tenth Legion never established its claim to unswerving fidelity and courage by more unmistakable evidence than did this band of loyal and honored citizens.

Shortly after Senator Davis entered upon the discharge of the duties of the governorship he developed a desire to extend his political career to the Senate, and he accordingly began to lay his plans and to develop issues with this end in view. He invited strife in certain quarters in order to furnish him with an issue that he could successfully attack and thereby intensify the partisanship of his friends and account for the expressed hatred of his enemies.

The essential facts evolved from even a casual study of his methods are that he never permitted anyone to become a half-hearted friend nor a concealed enemy. He early realized that half-offended friends might sooner or later find themselves in a position where they could do him more injury by encouraging the warfare of his enemies indirectly than they could as part of the open opposition. Therefore he never "fell out" halfway with anyone. He knew that in politics the relationship between individuals is one for the advancement of mutual interests, and that such friendships too often endure only so long as mutual rewards bind the coalition. It is doubtless true that many real friendships grow out of the business of politics, but the general course is as he understood it. He frequently found, in making his calculations for future political contingencies, that it would better serve his purpose to force a realignment than be burdened with a possible mutiny of some vital part of his combination at a more critical stage of the conflict.

Thus it happened that at different periods of his political career the same persons were his enemies and friends alternately. When he once accepted a reconciliation with a former enemy he so dealt with him as to convince

him that no resentment growing out of past differences remained, and when one of his friends or allies was forced to take up service on the other side he generally ridiculed him, less frequently denounced him, into a state of complete harmlessness. Of course, this process could only last as long as he had physical strength and time to go among his fellows and by his personal presence keep them inspired with the sentiments and hostilities of the hour, and to thus communicate to them the fighting spirit of the occasion that only one with his magnetic qualities when aroused could impart. His chief political asset was his power as a stump speaker. In the exercise of this art he exhibited the qualities of a master to a degree that put him in a class to himself. He was not a widely learned man, nor did he desire to be. He was not willing to devote the time and self-denial involved in acquiring familiarity with the views and methods of those who had gone before. He absorbed enough out of the general intelligence of the country to be fairly familiar with many of the leading questions of the day, and could discuss them before an audience with a sufficient show of knowledge to impart all the lesson that they seemed willing to absorb. He never concerned himself about mastering in full scope and detail great and absorbing questions, since he felt that he could only make use of such aspects of it as his auditors were willing and desirous of understanding, and that he was therefore engaged in a wholly unprofitable service when he talked over the heads of those who listened to him.

He knew humanity as few people know it. He did not deal largely with individuals. In fact, as the methods of practical politics are known and practiced, he was not a great mixer. He did not have an accurate memory for names and faces, nor did he seek to make a distinct impression upon particular individuals. He stood fairly

well with the whole crowd, and said or did something on every occasion that might be recalled in connection with approving comment by nearly everyone who heard him. If any disagreed with him, they were never in doubt as to the course they would pursue. He was essentially a fighter, and by pursuing tactics that aroused everyone else to the fighting mood he found it easy to enumerate his followers and to know his enemies.

Those who were not for him were against him. There was no noncommittal element in the State when he was up for election. Whether he studied to a finality the philosophy which committed him to this policy, I do not know, but he mastered it as supremely as if he had, and practiced it with a precision and uniformity that could not have been excelled, no matter how closely he might have considered it. To an ordinary campaigner this is a dangerous course, and all that was needed to make it a fatal course was sufficient time, because it is as true in politics as in other lines of effort that friends fall away from one's standard more rapidly than his enemies forgive him. Napoleon was never more successful in turning the assaults of an enemy in war than he was in minimizing to nothingness the assaults of his enemies in politics, and mainly by the power of ridicule and denunciation. He never courted sympathy, because it was certain that his enemies would never extend it, and his friends were bound to him by more virile and enduring forces.

Probably much of his success as a popular leader was due to the fact that he came into political prominence at a time when there existed a widespread and deep-seated belief in the public mind that the powers of the Government were being exerted unfairly in favor of the few and against the interests of the many. The unequal distribution of the wealth and favors of the land were

a monumental and simple object lesson that called for an explanation and invited an attempt to apply a remedy. He capitalized this spirit of unrest because he did not seem to understand the situation differently from the people generally. In fact, it was not necessary to understand the underlying philosophy of the cause of it. The fact itself was sufficient to demand a thorough investigation and the application of a remedy, even if fundamentals must be modified in order to prevent a continuance of these conditions. He therefore took as his text the actual inequalities of the situation, the existence of which all seemed to be aware, and from the effects of which nearly everyone was easily made to understand he was a victim. Many who heard him did not care so much for the feasibility of any suggested remedy as they did to have voice given to their conscious dissatisfaction. He supplied this, and in full measure, and was thus relieved from working out his political advancement by the slower process of less-gifted aspirants.

I happen to know that he was not satisfied with his career in the Senate. He accounted for that in many ways, and always promised himself that with more favorable conditions he would be able to place his services here upon a higher plane of achievement in the future. When he first appeared in the Senate he was smarting under the resentment of wholesale and unwarranted attacks that had been made upon him, and a sort of spirit of retaliation seemed to linger with him and to somewhat direct and control his actions and expressions. Long separation from his professional activities and a constant and large outlay incident to an almost constant necessity for campaigning had drawn heavily upon his none too large estate, so that after he entered the Senate he found it necessary to devote much of his time to the paramount obligations of his family. His attention was

therefore largely withdrawn from his official duties, and his enforced absence from the Senate thus prevented him from becoming familiar with that routine which is so essential to effective work here. When taunted by his opponents because of the modest extent of his achievements here, he found no difficulty in parrying a thrust which must have proven dangerous to almost any other candidate. He replied that when he came to the Senate he found it governed by traditions and customs that prevented proper recognition of the voice of the people, because its deliberations were dominated by standpatters and reactionaries, Democrats and Republicans alike, and that at the outset of his career he conceived it to be his highest duty to aid in creating a public opinion that would cause the people to replace these customs with those which would make more largely for independence, and its membership a keener appreciation of what the people were entitled to, and a firmer determination to achieve it for them. He enlarged upon this idea extensively and presented it most attractively.

It was evident to those who were more intimately acquainted with his real opinion that he knew as well as anyone else could know that his frequent and long-continued absences were interfering with the efficiency of his service here. He readily admitted as much before the last State convention, which declared his nomination for a second term, when he said that he was most gratified to be able to say that his business affairs were now in such condition that he could promise a more constant service in Washington, but no more loyal or devoted one. He said it was his purpose to take upon himself the task of mastering some of the current problems of the day, and he hoped to make himself useful in evolving and applying remedies of a substantial character. His assurance was most gratifying to his friends and followers,

who found more difficulty than he did in causing his first explanation to be accepted. In the latter days of his life I found him more disposed to diligently investigate affairs of larger import than in former days, and I noticed an increasing absence of that intemperate form of expression which usually characterized his comment on official matters. I was much impressed with the belief that it was his fixed purpose to achieve a name here that would be creditable to him, and he knew affairs of this life well enough to know that he could only do this by the severest toil and the closest application to his duties. This change of attitude toward the service here was most gratifying to me, and encouraged the belief that if he should marshal into a coherent force the great qualities of energy, magnetism, and sincerity which he possessed and devote this combination to the achievement of the substantial things in which his people were interested his task would be easily and creditably performed.

There are multitudes who believe that he died too soon to afford an opportunity for a proper estimate of his real capacity and real purposes. His enemies believed him to be a mere self-seeking demagogue, who would not scruple to take advantage of any want of information or misinformation of his followers to advance his own political fortunes, while a larger number of devoted friends reassured themselves with the conviction that he had a real capacity for statesmanship, and that after he had achieved a position where his own tenure was secure and his apprenticeship ended he would manifest the qualities of industry and constructive ability that would show him to be a real man among men in managing the affairs of the Nation. This question may now never be answered to the satisfaction and acceptance of all. I personally knew much of him, and I know that his intellectual qualities never were understood and

appreciated to the extent that they deserved. While attracting one class he repelled another, and thus he submitted the question of his real ability and worth to a jury that may now never render a unanimous verdict. He was a greater lawyer than he ever got credit for being, and he was a more powerful intellectual force than casual observers ever believed to be the case. It is creditable to State pride to know that his death has now silenced every criticism, and that there is real sorrow throughout the Commonwealth to-day because of the event which we so regretfully commemorate to-day.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BRYAN, OF FLORIDA

MR. PRESIDENT: Arkansas was generous to JEFF DAVIS in the honors she conferred upon him. He was elected by the people of that State prosecuting attorney for two terms, attorney general for one term, governor three times in succession, and United States Senator twice in succession. He was in public life 20 years, held the highest offices within the gift of the people of a great State, and died at the early age of 50 years. The bare recital of these achievements proclaim him a remarkable man.

It is not by accident that a public man wins and retains public confidence and respect for so long a time in the great offices of governor and United States Senator. The white light of publicity is thrown upon the record as it is written, and there will always be found those who are ready to take advantage of every opportunity to criticize adversely and to condemn.

Senator DAVIS did not attain his success by default. He met and overcame opposition, sometimes of the fiercest, at every stage of his career. He had to fight his way.

We all of us have our faults. JEFF DAVIS had his. I am sure he would not have us pretend otherwise for him. Moreover, men were not slow to call attention to these faults while he lived. He had his loyal friends and supporters, who would not believe anything except good of him, and he had also his bitter enemies. He reciprocated in kind the feelings of each, with all the fervor of a strong, dominant, uncompromising nature. He asked no quarter and he gave none. He never surrendered to any foe save death—the great conqueror of us all.



The sudden ending of his earthly career seemed to draw closer to him the friends of a lifetime, and also to eradicate altogether the small and unimportant differences that had existed between him and those who had opposed him.

It was my privilege to attend his funeral. I saw his loyal friends from every part of the State, and was impressed by the unusual circumstance that a large number of them marched in a body to his last resting place. I inquired of some of those whom I met, to ascertain the secret of the success of this interesting man, and from the information thus gathered I attribute his success—

First, to his unselfish fight for his party in the days when both the great political parties were strong contenders in his State for public favor, and

Second, to the claim, which seems well founded, that he always remained loyal to his friends, who believed that in him they had not only an able but a courageous leader.

## ADDRESS OF MR. ASHURST, OF ARIZONA

MR. PRESIDENT: In obedience to a generous impulse of the human heart, the Senate of the United States, in the midst of its labors, at the closing hours of Congress, when every moment of time is precious, pauses to pay tribute to the memory of another of its deceased Members, and to contemplate what has always been regarded as the most profound of life's mysteries—the mystery of death and the grave. At the grave Alexander left his worlds unconquered, and the rich man parted with his gold. At the grave Mozart apparently gave up his music, Lord Bacon forgot his learning, and Sir Isaac Newton abandoned philosophy and mathematics; at the grave friend is unlocked from the arm of friend and seemingly is thrust into everlasting and pulseless silence, where ambition can no longer inspire nor glory thrill. During the Sixty-second Congress the greedy grave, whose ponderous jaws are never filled, removed from the Senate six Senators and its honored and beloved presiding officer, the Vice President of the United States. Indeed, Mr. President, it is startling to realize that such a large percentage of Senators die in service.

From that memorable day—Monday, April 6, 1789—when Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, appeared and took his seat, and thus formed a quorum of the whole Senators of the United States for the first meeting of the Senate, down to this date eleven hundred men have been elected to membership in this body, and out of this roster 149 of them, or  $13\frac{6}{11}$  per cent of the whole number elected to

membership, died while in service, Senator JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas, being the hundred and forty-ninth Senator to die in service. This list of eleven hundred men elected to membership in this body contains the names of strong men and weak men; the names of philosophers, philanthropists, and constructive statesmen; contemplative thinkers, whose classic features have been preserved to us by the sculptor and the portrait painter; men wearing the bloody gantlets of war; men wearing soft gloves of peace; men who opened and closed the purse of the Nation as they saw fit; men whose inelegant ostentation caused them to use their enormous wealth unwisely and unbecomingly; the names of sturdy farmers from New England's rock-bound coast; men fresh from the farms of the Middle States; planters from the Southern States; argonauts, ranchers, miners, cowboys, and Indian fighters from the Western States; orators who possessed, as was said of Mirabeau, "a tongue of fire steeped in honey"; the names of physicians who annihilate pain, who minister to the ills to which human flesh is subject, and who "charm ache with air and agony with ether"; historians, scholars, divines, and captains of industry; in fact, men of every creed, occupation, profession, and calling; men of valor, honor, and imperishable renown; men who, step after step, by honorable public service, raised themselves from the ground floor of log cabins to the highest eminence of human distinction, and a remarkably small percentage of men who, during or after service here, so misbehaved themselves that they blighted their greatness and fame.

Contemplating this long list of men, it is not excessive eulogy to say that history will record JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas, as one of the strong and striking characters that have come to this body. He was a faithful friend

and a faithful enemy; at times in his life scorn and contumely were heaped upon him, but he always returned war for war, blow for blow, and scorn for scorn. He was "lofty and sour to those who loved him not; but to those who sought him, sweet as summer." He had, or affected to have, a profound indifference as to whether other men liked him. To his opponents he always presented defiant belligerency or supercilious disdain, but through the cracks of the rough veneer of this man there was to be seen and felt a warm, honest, and loyal heart. He was an inveterate foe to what he conceived to be shams, frivolities, and frills.

I said a moment ago that he was a strong man. Mr. President, no person could have been victorious in so many conflicts as was JEFF DAVIS and have attached to himself so many ardent and loyal friends unless he were indeed a very strong man. His friends clung to him with a beautiful fidelity, and neither time nor change nor false report could alienate their affections. He understood and appreciated perfectly the wants and desires of poor people. He was familiar with the disappointments of their daily life; he knew their broken ambitions. He knew the high and too frequently the baffled hopes of those who toil and toil; he was the especial advocate and friend of those men who, uncomplainingly, from day to day, met danger upon the trains, in the mines, and in the workshops, and it is recorded that in every lawsuit in which he took part he was invariably on the side of those who most needed help and mercy and to whom life, like the shirt of Nessus, the longer worn the more deeply it chafed the raw flesh and naked nerve. The accomplishment of these things writes JEFF DAVIS down as a strong man.

On the night of the 2d of January of this year he was seized by the sudden return of a disorder which had clamped itself about his heart some months previously. He called for his son to send for a physician, but before the physician could arrive JEFF DAVIS took his seat in the parliament of the skies.

ADDRESS OF MR. MARTINE, OF NEW JERSEY

MR. PRESIDENT: JEFF DAVIS was a great, splendid specimen of manhood. My acquaintance with him was of but short duration. We seemed, however, during the little time we knew each other to rub one another the right way from the very first we met, and hence each day with him to me was a day of delight and pleasantness. JEFF DAVIS, blessed with a splendid physique and strong personality, seemed to be a man who might reach a record of fourscore years and ten. We were congenial friends at once; his frankness and candor captivated me.

Twice during our acquaintance he said to me, however, when I mentioned his seemingly good health, "I am not altogether myself, Martine; I am not well. While I can not leave to my family great wealth, I mean to leave them the history of an honest man." And, as God knows, I believe he did.

I feel that the best gauge, Mr. President, of a man is the opinion of his fellow citizens. As one of a delegation appointed by the President of this body to attend his funeral, we went on our sad mission, and as we reached the beautiful city of Little Rock, Ark., his home, sadness seemed to pervade the people on all sides; flags were at half-mast, and gloom seemed everywhere apparent.

Does some one say that JEFF DAVIS was bluff and blunt, different from others? Yes; in a way he was. But has not the great God of the universe in His wisdom made different shades in the foliage of a forest, yet all blending in a harmonious hue, all most pleasing to the eye? And so, even though JEFF DAVIS God had molded and char-

acterized in a different way, yet JEFF DAVIS, broad, generous, liberal hearted, and kind, was a splendid specimen of his Maker, an honest man.

On all sides, as we wandered around the streets of that beautiful city, we would hear knots of men and see a gathering of tearful women all bewailing the loss of their splendid fellow citizen, JEFF DAVIS. Rich and poor, white and black, all gathered in the tearful cortege to do his memory honor.

I feel, my friends, that as the day went by and as the sun went down all humanity seemed to testify that there had been laid away a loyal friend, a true husband, a loving father, a patriot, and a statesman.

## ADDRESS OF MR. KAVANAUGH, OF ARKANSAS

MR. PRESIDENT: It is not simply a perfunctory compliance with an established custom that I ask the indulgence of the Senate for a few minutes, but a desire upon my part to deliver in these Halls, where he served with distinction, a tribute to the memory of my friend the late Senator JEFF DAVIS.

He was my personal and political friend for a period of almost a quarter of a century. Our friendship began before he had been drawn into the maelstrom of political life, where he gained his greatest achievements, and before I had been chained to the treadmill of business. During all this time the bonds of friendship had grown stronger and stronger, and as time rolled on I learned to love and appreciate the many good qualities of my friend whose loss we mourn to-night.

Senator DAVIS was born in 1862, midst the strife of that fratricidal conflict which came so near wrecking this Nation. It has been suggested that the spirit of the times impressed itself upon his nature, which, after lying dormant through the period of childhood and boyhood, asserted itself as soon as he entered public life. The only offspring of indulgent parents, he was given every advantage which his surroundings and circumstances would permit. We find him, while yet a youth, admitted to the bar and to membership in the law firm of which his honored father was the senior partner. He soon became interested in politics, and from the time he entered the arena until the moment of his untimely death he was the "stormy petrel" of Arkansas public life. Dur-



ing his political career he overturned time-honored precedents, ignored cherished and sacred traditions, and ruthlessly shattered the political alignments of a half century, and for what? His enemies said he did all of these things to gratify an inordinate and selfish ambition. He and his friends said he was actuated only by a desire to serve the great common people, whose champion he was, and to restore the affairs of government to the simplicity and democracy of the forefathers. As citizen, attorney, and statesman his every act and utterance was in behalf of those whom he termed "the under dogs in the battle of life."

In passing an eulogy upon his life at the grave a noted jurist of his native State said:

He was not very well suited to try a cause for a rich citizen against a common citizen \* \* \*. His feeling and sympathies were intensely human.

He held successively the offices of prosecuting attorney of his district, attorney general and governor of his State, and United States Senator. The secret of his great political success was that he never allowed himself to be placed on the defensive. He was so resourceful in maneuvering that he always found—and if he could not find it he made it—an opening for attack upon his adversary, and once the attack was begun he pursued it aggressively, fearlessly, and, his enemies said, ruthlessly. As an illustration of his boldness in political matters, I have known him while engaged in a contest to advocate on the stump the cause of another who was a candidate for a different office, or, upon the other hand, to assail another who was a candidate for a different office, when he deemed the man unworthy or that he was advocating a cause which Senator DAVIS did not approve. It may well be imagined that this brought down upon his head the maledictions of many people who might otherwise have not enrolled

themselves among his enemies. Despite such daring actions his onward march to success was never interrupted.

His friends fairly idolized him and with one accord indorsed his policies and actions. His enemies denounced him as a demagogue and a disturber, a destroyer of reputations. It has been said that he was the most beloved man, and, at the same time, the worst hated man in all Arkansas, but after all the denunciations have been summed up, his worst enemy has never accused him of dishonesty or corruption. In fact, his bitterest enemies, while railing at his successes and denouncing his methods, admitted the sincerity of his purpose and his devotion to principle. One of his most unrelenting critics was another friend of mine who succeeded by appointment to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator DAVIS. He is the editor of a great newspaper, the oldest, I believe, published west of the Mississippi River. In his newspaper, on the 31st of March of last year, he said:

In his race for a second term in the United States Senate, Senator JEFF DAVIS has again shown his consummate skill in the pleading of his political cause before the jury of the people. Former Congressman Stephen Brundidge has fought a great fight—and at this writing has not made admission of defeat—in contest with the man against whom no foeman has been able to prevail these years he has held one high office after another. JEFF DAVIS is, in fact, one of the most remarkable campaigners and one of the most successful popular advocates American politics has produced. He puts his hand in the public hand and gives it a grip that makes a firm and feeling bond between. Thousands of people, men and women, look on him as their champion, their guardian, their safety, and their hope. He makes his wounds and injuries theirs, and they would avenge them as they would their own.

Thus, you see, those who opposed him realized his elements of strength. He was wont to say: "My friends

are always right to me." And he expected his friends to reciprocate that feeling to the extent of its complete acceptance. He despised hypocrisy, he eschewed formality, and democratic simplicity marked the entire conduct of his life. This was the side of the life of Senator DAVIS which was presented to the public, and in presenting it I have stated it candidly and correctly as I have seen it. As I have said before, we were friends and neighbors.

Our associations lay along widely divergent lines and our opinions of matters and men were often far apart, but each respected the opinion of the other and we were always able, after a thorough discussion, to reach an understanding which in no wise affected our friendship, and it is as such a friend I speak to-day.

But, Mr. President, there is another side of the life of Senator DAVIS I desire to present, and that is the best and the most beautiful—his home life. No man ever lived who enjoyed a more ideal home life than he. He was twice married. His first marriage was to Miss Ina McKenzie and to them were born 12 children, 8 of whom live to bless and honor the names of the parents who gave them birth. There was no service Senator DAVIS would not perform; there was no sacrifice that he could not make that would add to the pleasure or comfort of his family. He saw to it that his children were given every educational and social advantage that would enable them to make of themselves useful men and women, and to-day there are no brighter, sweeter, gentler young men or women, boys or girls, in the city of Little Rock than the children of Senator DAVIS. His first wife was one of the noblest women it has been my good fortune to know. Senator DAVIS fairly idolized her and was often heard to say he owed everything he was to her. His second marriage to Miss Leila Carter was no less happy. She entered into

the spirit of his ambitions and assisted in his duties as only a devoted helpmate can do and to-day, in their home in the city of Little Rock, she, the bride of a year, and the children of her husband and the aged mother of our departed friend, mingle their tears and sorrows together while trying to fathom the mysteries of fate that has taken from them their protector at the hour when he was most needed, comforted only by the thoughts that He does all things for the best—will care for them and so guide their lives that there will be a happy reunion beyond.

And now, Mr. President, may we not unite in saying: A chieftain has fallen, peace to his ashes, all honor to his memory!

## PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

FRIDAY, *January 3, 1913.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

*Resolved*, That a committee of eight Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate pro tempore to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. DAVIS at his late home in Little Rock, Ark.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate, and the Senate sitting as a Court of Impeachment, do now adjourn.

That in compliance with the foregoing resolution the President pro tempore had appointed Mr. Clarke of Arkansas, Mr. Pomerene, Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Clapp as said committee.

Mr. MACON. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

### House Resolution 762

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Arkansas.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

*Resolved*, That a committee of 14 Members be appointed on the part of the House to join the committee appointed on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral.

The question was taken, and the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following committee in the case of Senator DAVIS of Arkansas.

The Clerk read as follows:

Mr. Robinson, Mr. Goodwin of Arkansas, Mr. Macon, Mr. Cravens, Mr. Floyd of Arkansas, Mr. Oldfield, Mr. Jacoway, Mr. Cullop, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Miller, Mr. Greene of Vermont, Mr. Rees, and Mr. Kinkaid of Nebraska.

Mr. MACON. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 764

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator and Representative the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 27 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, January 4, 1913, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *February 17, 1913.*

Mr. MACON. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to have an order entered.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Ordered*, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

THE SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the order? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none. The question is on agreeing to the order.

The order was agreed to.

SUNDAY, *February 23, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.

From time immemorial, O God our Father, men's hearts have turned instinctively to Thee in great crises for help, in sorrow and grief for comfort, in every contingency for inspiration and guidance; so our hearts turn to Thee as we assemble in memory of men who by faithful service in State and Nation gained for themselves the respect and confidence of the people, wrought well among us, left the impress of their personality upon our minds, and made a place for themselves in our hearts which time nor space can erase. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"We leave this and straightway enter another palace of the King more grand and beautiful."

We mourn their going, but not without hope. We are cast down but not overwhelmed, dismayed but not confounded.

---

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DAVIS

---

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

Enter Thou O God our Father into the desolate homes and bind up the bruised and broken hearts with the oil of Thy love, that they may look through their tears to the rainbow of hope and follow on without fear and doubting into that realm where all mysteries shall be solved, all sorrows melted into joy, soul touch soul in an everlasting communion, and eons of praise we will ever give to Thee, in the spirit of the Lord Christ. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order of business in reference to the late Senator JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Macon, by unanimous consent,

*Ordered*, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 866

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Member of the United States Senate from the State of Arkansas.

*Resolved*, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.



## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

---

### ADDRESS OF MR. FLOOD, OF ARKANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: From time immemorial it has been the custom among civilized nations to honor by public eulogium their distinguished dead. In keeping with that custom this day has been set apart by order of the House for the purpose of commemorating by appropriate ceremonies the lives and characters of a number of distinguished Members of this body and of the Senate, among them the Hon. JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas, late a Member of the Senate of the United States.

Senator JEFF DAVIS died at his home in Little Rock on January 2, 1913. His career in politics had been marvelous. He was born in Little River County, Ark., on May 6, 1862; he was admitted to the bar in Pope County, Ark., at the age of 19 years; he was elected prosecuting attorney of the fifth judicial district in 1892, and was reelected in 1894, serving in that position for two terms, or four years; he was elected attorney general of the State in 1898 and served one term, or two years; he was elected governor of Arkansas in 1901, was reelected in 1903, and again in 1905, and served as governor for three terms, or six years; he was a delegate at large to the Democratic national convention in 1904 and to the Baltimore convention in 1912; he was elected United States Senator February 9, 1907, for the full term of six years, and distinguished himself in the Senate by fearlessly assailing all forms of public evil and by his scrupulous fidelity to the principles of the Democratic Party, to which he belonged. He was again nominated for the Senate in

the Democratic primary held March 27, 1912, and had he lived he would have been reelected to the Senate by the legislature in January, 1913, for another term of six years. He died at the age of 51 years.

Horace in one of his odes says:

Pale death with impartial step knocks at the palace and the cottage gate.

This sentiment, so beautifully expressed by the Latin poet more than 2,000 years ago, forces itself unconsciously upon our minds to-day. The fatalities of Members of this House and of the Senate during the present Congress have been such that we need not the admonition of poet or philosopher to convince us that neither rank nor station, vigor of intellect nor the prime of strong manhood can stay death's relentless grasp.

The sudden taking off of the late Senator DAVIS in the hour of triumph and in the very acme of his most remarkable and successful public career was a shock to his friends here, to the people of his State, and to the Nation. It reminds us of the vanity of all human aspirations, the end of all human endeavor, and brings us face to face with the full realization of how fragile are the links that bind the strongest and most vigorous to the mystery we call life and of how impelling are the forces which drive the frail crafts in which we are all drifting with certainty to that greater mystery called death. We live in a world which is ephemeral in all things. The flowers bloom and give forth their sweet effulgence for a day. The oak bursts from the earth, grows to majestic proportions, withstands the blasts of winter and the storms of summer for a hundred years, yet yields at last and mingles its dust with the dust of faded flowers. Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. It is therefore meet and fitting when one of our comrades

passes from among us by the hand of the Grim Reaper that we who survive him, whose lives are underwritten by no guaranty except by God's will and God's mercy, should pause and turn aside for a moment from the toils and struggles of the hour and from the fierce heat of incessant conflict that is carried on in these legislative halls and pay proper respect to the character and virtues of our departed friend and coworker.

I desire to avail myself of this opportunity to pay a brief tribute to the memory of the late Senator Davis. Whatever others may think or say about him, I can truthfully say he was my friend, faithful and just to me.

Loyalty to his friends and to his convictions was the element in the character of Senator Davis which endeared him to the great masses of the people of Arkansas. Possessing characteristics and faults which it would be idle to disclaim, even in this presence, and which were deprecated by many of his warmest supporters, he was a born fighter, bitter and vindictive toward his enemies, but always true and loyal to his friends, true to his party, true to his principles in whatever cause he espoused, and true to his own convictions.

But his political warfare was not of the guerrilla kind. While he asked no quarter and gave none, yet he always fought in the open. His tactics were Napoleonic. In the great civic battles which he fought for political supremacy in his State he may well be compared with those great military commanders who by bold stands, skillful maneuvers, long marches, and quick movements captured whole armies in their trail and brought back into camp wagon trains, immense food supplies, and great stacks of arms captured from their vanquished foes. He never placated an enemy. He was always loyal to his friends. When he was governor he would publicly proclaim from the stump that no man could receive an appointment at his

hands unless he was a white man, a Democrat, and a Jeff Davis man. He lived up to that code during his entire career. The last conversation I had with him was over the telephone on the day he left Washington for his home in Little Rock, just before the holidays. In speaking about the distribution of Federal patronage under the new administration he said to me, "I am going to stick to my friends," and added that he was willing to give up a great deal in the way of patronage in order to secure the appointment of a particular friend mentioned to an important position. And this was no idle or small thing with him. I have known him repeatedly in the midst of heated campaigns—and he never had any other kind—to apparently ignore his own interests in an effort to help out some friend.

As a campaigner and stump speaker Senator DAVIS had few equals and no superior. He was a great crowd drawer. His style was vigorous, forceful, bold, aggressive, and characteristic—distinctly a Jeff Davis style. He was original, resourceful, happy in the use of catch phrases, defiant and austere toward those who opposed him, and loyal to his friends to such a degree that he never failed to incur the bitter hatred of the former and the unwavering confidence and devoted loyalty of the latter. The character of his campaigns and his manner of dealing with those who opposed him necessarily engendered much bitterness and made Senator DAVIS an object of extreme hate by hundreds of good people of the State whose political hopes and aspirations or the political hopes and aspirations of whose particular friends were shattered like frailest glass by the uncompromising opposition of this most remarkable man.

I have never known a man who had greater political courage than did Senator DAVIS. He was often denounced as a demagogue, and yet he never truckled to public

opinion. He took his positions boldly, and then molded and swayed public opinion to fit them. Assailed by the metropolitan press and by most of the newspapers in the State he in turn would assail the newspapers, and he is one of the few public men who have had the audacity to assail the press who was not finally crushed by it. His attacks upon the press, however, were but characteristic of the man. He assailed not the weak but the strong. He attacked not the helpless but the powerful. He sought his own preferment not over the unpopular but the popular.

Senator James H. Berry was one of the most popular and deservedly popular men that ever figured in Arkansas politics. He had been a brave Confederate soldier and lost a leg at the battle of Corinth. He had been a State legislator, a circuit judge, governor, and served 22 years in the United States Senate. His honesty, integrity, high character, and fidelity to duty during his long public service were such and his public record was such that even the critical eye of his opponent could find therein no guile. Gov. Davis entered the race for United States Senator against him and was elected.

So he lived, so he won his victories, so he was loved, and so was he hated; but he is dead, and as one who knew him long and well and enjoyed his full confidence I pay him this humble tribute. I believe he was honest and sincere but often misunderstood. While undoubtedly ambitious for self-preferment, I believe he stood for those measures and policies which he conceived to be for the best interests of the people of his State and of the country, and that he would have gone down to defeat rather than to have surrendered the principles for which he stood. Vindictive, severe, and often merciless in debate, there was a kindlier side to his nature, and there beat within his rugged bosom those gentler feelings of

love, friendship, sympathy, and affection that bound to him thousands of voters in every contest of his life. He reciprocated the feelings and affections of those who stood by him in a marked degree. In his friendships he followed the advice given by Polonious to his son. The friends he had and their adoption tried, he grappled them to his heart with hooks of steel. All over Arkansas to-day are thousands of people who will long revere his memory. From the southern border of the State, where the rich magnolias bloom; from the delta lands along the Mississippi, where cotton is king, to the great Northwest, the land of big, red apples, where the apple blossom, emblem of the State, sheds its perennial fragrance over orchard, field, and farm, in stately farmhouse, in unpretentious cottage, in cabin, and in hut, in every hamlet, in every village, and in every town and city in the State, there are those whose hearts are bowed with sorrow at the passing of JEFF DAVIS. They are those who supported the Senator in all his contests and to whom he delighted to refer with pride as members of the old guard. They believed in the man and in his cause. They looked upon him as the friend, the champion, and the defender of the rights of the great masses of the people against the encroachments of predatory wealth and the unjust exactions of corporate influence and greed. They are the men who promoted him to place and power and kept him there until the All-Wise Ruler called him from the field of his earthly activities. To them words of praise are idle. To them encomiums are useless. They were his devoted friends and followers in his lifetime, and now that he is dead they will cherish his character, his virtues, and his deeds as a rich legacy, and will teach their children and their children's children to revere his name.

You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling 'round it still.

My friendship and acquaintance with Senator DAVIS were not due to politics. I first met him and made his acquaintance more than 30 years ago, when we were both students in the University of Arkansas. I was also well acquainted with Miss McKenzie, whom Mr. DAVIS afterwards married. She also was a student in the university at the same time.

I therefore feel that I ought not to close my remarks on this occasion without a brief reference to his family and to the domestic life of the late Senator. Senator DAVIS was twice married, and he left surviving him a widow and aged mother and eight children by his former wife. The first wife of Senator DAVIS was Miss Ida McKenzie, already referred to. She was a lovely, beautiful girl, the daughter of a minister. She developed into a noble Christian woman, devoted to her husband, to her children, to her church, and to her God. She died only a few years ago and was mourned by the entire people of the State. His second wife was Miss Lelia Carter, a daughter of Dr. Carter, one of the early settlers of Arkansas. She is the sister-in-law of Judge Virgil Bourland, and her family is prominent in all the walks of life. I have only a casual acquaintance with the present Mrs. Davis, who survives the Senator, but have every reason to believe that she, too, was devoted to her husband and deserves the sympathy of all in this hour of great sorrow and affliction.

If there be those who still harbor asperity against the memory of JEFF DAVIS, if they could visit the Davis home in Little Rock and see that family of bright and intelligent boys and girls, now fatherless and motherless, and see that aged mother, now upward of 80 years, mourning the death of her only child, bowed in grief at the loss of one whose notable career is their every pride and whose strong arm was their every support, I feel that every

---

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DAVIS

---

emotion of envy and hatred would die out and friend and foe, antagonist and follower, with bowed heads would commiserate the untimely death of the junior Senator from Arkansas, and that the common and silent acclaim of all hearts would be "Peace to his ashes."

Mr. Macon at this point assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.



ADDRESS OF MR. RUSSELL, OF MISSOURI

MR. SPEAKER: Arkansas and Missouri are sister and adjoining States, with many interests in common, and such frequent and intimate commercial and social intercourse exists between the people of the two States as to make their aspirations and hopes so similar as to be almost identical.

These States are bordered on the east and south by the Mississippi River, and some of its tributaries flow through both States, and so the interests of the people in the questions of river improvement, levee construction, and drainage problems have been mutual, and the cooperation of all of their citizens has been invited and exerted in the promotion of such improvements.

In view of our geographical positions and our mutual interests, as well as our friendly relations, the Missourians in this house have felt unwilling to remain silent on an occasion like this, when the Representatives from Arkansas pause for an hour to pay a tribute of respect to the life and character of one of her distinguished sons, and as nine of the counties of the district that I have the honor to represent border upon the Arkansas State line, it was thought appropriate that I should speak for our State.

I had the good fortune and the pleasure of knowing quite intimately and well the deceased Senator, and watched with great interest his remarkable and most successful political career. I first met him and heard him speak at Hot Springs, Ark., in support of his candidacy in his first race for governor. He was at that time

the attorney general of the State, and in his address he recounted his official acts and efforts directed against the great combinations and monopolies that were then just beginning to add to the burdens of the consumers of the country. His address was so plain and yet so pleasing and forcible he convinced me that if he could reach and speak to all the voters of the State his victory would certainly follow. He did win the nomination and election, and was twice reelected governor of that State. Afterwards, as is well known, he was elected to the United States Senate, and renominated as the choice of his party for a second term.

Like all mortal men Senator DAVIS may have had his faults, but he possessed many noble qualities and generous impulses, and among the many good traits of character that made him popular, and for which I commend him to-day, was that he loved and trusted the common people, and his chief ambition in life was to faithfully serve them.

Senator DAVIS and I entered congressional life at the same time, and on the same day that he first took the oath of office in the Senate I for the first time took the oath of office as a Member of this House. On Sunday, the day before we entered upon our official duties, I met him at the Calvary Baptist Church in this city, and after services we walked together to the National Hotel, where he was then living.

I now distinctly remember that in that conversation he said to me: "Russell, I don't believe this life is going to suit me. I appreciate the great honor of a seat in the United States Senate, but I believe I would prefer to be at home with my family and friends in Arkansas."

He thus early realized, as many public men do realize, that to serve in Congress, while it is in many respects

delightful and desirable, carries with it many sacrifices of the pleasures and comforts of a home life.

Senator DAVIS often made speeches for me and other Democratic candidates in my district, and was always a very popular and a very effective stump speaker. He had many friends in Missouri, who greatly admired his personality and who enjoyed his addresses.

For the purpose of illustrating one of his traits of character I desire to relate this circumstance: On one occasion he made a speech at Dexter, in my district, to a large audience, and by accident I met him afterwards the same evening at Poplar Bluff and asked him about the meeting. He said: "I had a fine audience, and gave them an old-fashioned Democratic speech, and among other things showed up your Gov. Folk in his true light." I replied, "Now, Governor, you have several appointments to speak for me and the Democratic Party in my district. You can do me much good, and I am glad to have you speak for me, but Gov. Folk is my friend, and is also making speeches for me. He is the Democratic governor of Missouri, and I must protest against your abusing or even criticizing him." He became angry and said: "If I can't speak as I please, I will not speak at all, but will cancel all my other appointments in your district."

I told him I was sorry to have him do so, but if he could not desist from his criticism of the governor of our State I thought it better that he cancel them, and he did so. He went to Little Rock the same night, and on the next day I received from him a telegram, in which he said:

DEAR RUSSELL: I wire you to say that you were right and I was wrong. I will fill my appointments in your district, and will not again criticize your governor.

He did fill his other appointments to my entire satisfaction and the great pleasure of his audiences.

I have spoken of this incident to emphasize one of the noble qualities of his nature. If he in the hour of excitement or under the influence of momentary anger said or did an improper or indiscreet thing, he was, after due reflection and deliberation, the first to acknowledge his error and to seek to correct the mistake made or any injustice done.

Senator DAVIS was an honest and a conscientious public servant; but he, as most other public men do, believed in government by parties, and always had perfect faith in the wisdom and the justice of Democratic principles, and when a majority of his party had spoken upon any question he was always loyal to its verdict and its announced policies.

I once heard a prominent public man, when speaking of some minor criticism made of him, say that whatever may be said of JEFF DAVIS and his mannerisms, no man can truthfully, from a party standpoint, criticise a single vote he ever cast during his six years' service in the Senate.

Mr. Speaker, this was a splendid tribute to our deceased friend, and as the votes cast by a representative in Congress is the truest test of his usefulness as a servant of the people and of his fidelity to his trust, no greater compliment could have been expressed of Senator JEFF DAVIS. I believe the statement was true and the compliment well deserved.

## ADDRESS OF MR. CULLOP, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: When JEFF DAVIS, a United States Senator from Arkansas, fell asleep in the cold embrace of death one of our great public characters was removed. For a decade he had been a conspicuous figure in this country and had attracted much attention because of his bold and aggressive attitude on many of the great questions which, during that time, have attracted public consideration and have undergone public review.

It can be truthfully said of him that in such matters he was in the front line of the battle and never in the rear. He had views on great questions and the courage to express as well as the ability to defend them. No one will ever charge that in his 20 years of public life he ever evaded, dodged, or avoided an open avowal of his position on any matter of great public importance, but always in the open he declared his attitude and the reasons he had for it. He was not a "trimmer," he did not wait to learn whether a measure was popular or unpopular, to find out whether it would win praise or condemnation, but he viewed the question as a public utilitarian, and if he arrived at the conclusion that public weal required it he gave it his unqualified support and attempted to secure its adoption. In this he was open, candid, and earnest. Public welfare of the many who bear the burdens of Government was the greatest concern to him, and often in defense of their cause he incurred the opposition of the few and earned their displeasure, but to him this was of no consequence; he rather liked than disliked it, because

he knew his position was defensible and his purpose would be approved by the masses whose champion he was, and he did not disguise his position.

For 20 years he was a public servant, rising step by step, until he had received the highest honors the people of his State could bestow upon him. He was elected prosecuting attorney of his judicial district, and performed his duties so satisfactorily that he won for himself a reputation throughout the State and as a reward he was elected attorney general, and in this office he displayed such splendid ability that he was elected governor of his State three times in succession, and from there promoted to the United States Senate as a tribute of admiration by the people of his State, and was renominated with the assurance of a reelection for a second term. He deserved every honor his people bestowed upon him. He rose rapidly in the esteem of his people; they recognized his worth as a public servant, and in return they gave him their confidence and conferred honors upon him. He was their idol and to him they looked as a leader in whom they could repose confidence and not be betrayed. They knew when their rights were invaded they could safely appeal to him for protection and he would defend them. He delighted to champion their cause and plead for their relief. His heart beat in unison with theirs and his very soul sympathized with their wants and welfare. He had endured adversity; he had felt its discomforts, and his ambition was to relieve all who were so unfortunate as to endure its deprivations and suffer its punishment. To elevate all such was his dream by day and by night, and whenever opportunity was offered he took advantage of it to ameliorate their condition. This was the reason for his great popularity; this was why his constituency confided in him and enabled him to enjoy their unbounded

confidence, which he never betrayed. It was the one possession he guarded above all others as sacred.

Because of his bold and aggressive position on questions in which he took an interest he invited opposition and made enemies. He never conciliated any such made from such cause; overtures for compromise were unknown to him; the battle once on had to be fought to a final conclusion and the result accepted as the arbitrament of the question. Such type of men as Senator Davis is of great benefit to the world; they are the class of men who push the wheels of progress. True, they are called extreme or radical, but the fact remains that it is because of their advanced position that they overcome the reactionary positions taken by the opposing extremists and bring about the golden mean in the settlement of policies and thus accomplish direct results of much moment to the people. He did a good work, and his people are proud of the result. His life was not lived in vain.

But, Mr. Speaker, one of his most admirable traits was his loyal devotion to his friends. This, above all others, endeared him to his people. He never forgot the friends of his early years when struggling to lay a foundation for the support of the splendid career he made for himself and the service he rendered the public. They had an abiding place in his heart, and he rewarded their gratitude whenever occasion permitted. This quality is always commendable. He died at the beginning of a new year, as a new era was dawning with his star in the ascendancy, in the prime of life, when the future was full of promise, when greater opportunities were unfolding to him a new field where he could employ his abilities for the benefit of his constituents, to elevate their condition and secure for them the just and fair administration of the powers of the Government established for the

blessings of a liberty-loving people. His genial face, manly form, and friendly grasp of the hand will be missed; they will be known no more. In his death the public service loses a valuable servant, his State its foremost citizen, his people a devoted friend, and his family a loving husband and a kind and indulgent father.



ADDRESS OF MR. OLDFIELD, OF ARKANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: On this occasion we are assembled for the purpose of paying tribute to the life, character, and public service of the Hon. JEFF DAVIS, late a Senator from the State of Arkansas. Mr. Speaker, this is to me a sad, a solemn occasion, for Senator DAVIS was my personal and political friend.

Senator DAVIS was born in Little River County, Ark., May 6, 1862, was educated in the public schools and the university of his State. He was admitted to the bar at the early age of 19 years. While a successful practitioner of the law, as a great many young lawyers do, especially those who live in small cities and towns, he entered politics early in life and was elected prosecuting attorney of his circuit in 1892 at the age of 30 years. He was reelected to this office, and it is said of him that he made one of the ablest prosecuting attorneys his circuit ever had.

Senator DAVIS entered State politics at a time when some of the brainiest men Arkansas has produced were in power. However, he brooked no obstacle and pressed forward to attain the goal of his ambition. He was bold and aggressive and immediately became the dominating figure in the politics of his State.

Mr. Speaker, if I were called upon to indicate the trait of character most developed in Senator DAVIS, I would unhesitatingly say it was his determination to succeed in his undertakings—his will power.

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate  
Can circumvent, or hinder, or control  
The firm resolve of a determined soul.  
Gifts count for nothing,

Will alone is great,  
All things must give way  
Before it soon or late.  
What obstacles can stay the mighty force  
Of the sea-seeking river in its course,  
Or cause the ascending Orb of Day to wait?  
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.  
Let the fool prate of luck, the fortunate is  
He whose earnest purpose never swerves,  
Whose slightest action or inaction  
Serves the one great aim. Why,  
Even Death stands still  
And waits an hour, sometimes,  
For such a will.

In 1898, at the age of 36 years, Mr. DAVIS was elected attorney general of the State of Arkansas, and at the age of 38 years was elected governor of his State, and to this office he was twice reelected, being the only man to serve our State three times as governor, and in passing, it may be said that his last contest for the governorship was the fiercest and most terrific political battle ever waged in Arkansas. In 1906 Gov. DAVIS was nominated by the Democratic Party of his State for the office of United States Senator, defeating former Senator Berry—a distinguished veteran both of peace and war, one whom the people of Arkansas had rejoiced to honor—and was elected by the legislature of 1907. He was renominated in 1912, but before the legislature convened to carry out the will of the people and reelect him, after answering to the roll call of the Senate for nearly six years, he was suddenly summoned by the roll call of eternity. Senator DAVIS served nearly six years in the United States Senate, and I have never heard any man in Arkansas criticize a single vote he cast in that body. He was a strong man before the people, and he always took his fights directly to them. His idea of government was that the people should rule. He thought the best government

was the one closest to the people, and his battles were always for the purpose of bringing the people and the Government closer together.

Senator DAVIS was without doubt the most resourceful campaigner the State of Arkansas has seen. He was effective before his audiences, because he took the people into his confidence and appealed to the masses for support, and, as evidenced by his remarkable career, his appeals were not made in vain. To his friends he was true and loyal, as true as the stars to their appointed courses. He never forsook a friend or forgot a favor, and his loyalty to his friends was one of his great sources of strength. In his campaigns he was wont to refer to his friends as the "old guard," and when he sounded the call for battle the old guard was always ready for the fray, and when the ballots were counted they invariably showed that the "old guard" had stood firm and JEFF DAVIS had won.

Senator DAVIS was not one of those who went with the current, but, on the contrary, he spoke out boldly the things he believed and the policies he advocated. If he was for or against a proposition of policy or legislation, he boldly told the people and gave them his reasons. In his career as governor and Senator he always championed the side of the plain citizen instead of the special interests. His career, indeed, lends hope and encouragement to those who depend upon the support of the people instead of relying upon the agents of predatory wealth. It is an inspiration to the youth of the land who, without wealth, powerful friends, or family, must depend upon the justice and generosity of their countrymen.

In campaigns Senator DAVIS was his own manager, and I have been told by some of his close political advisers that he had an intuition which seemed almost marvelous.

His combinations often appeared impossible and his plans impracticable, but under his leadership and in his hands simplicity marked their development and success vindicated their adoption.

Mr. Speaker, death is the great leveler.

In the democracy of the dead all men at least are equal.

There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave.

At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent.

Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags.

The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper.

The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligations.

There the proud man surrenders his dignity, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

Here, at last, is nature's final decree in equity.

The wrongs of time are redressed; injustice is expiated; the irony of fate is refuted; the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity, which make life such a cruel and inexplicable tragedy, ceases in the realm of death.

The strongest has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense.

The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.

Mr. Speaker, a tribute to the life and character of Senator DAVIS would be incomplete if reference were not made to the beauty of his home life. He was a devoted and loving husband, a generous and indulgent father, and the tenderness with which his family clung around him and to him marked the depth of their love and affection.

The Speaker at this point resumed the chair.

## ADDRESS OF MR. TAYLOR, OF ARKANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: I have been personally acquainted with the late Senator JEFF DAVIS for more than 25 years, and while we had our differences now and then, yet we were always friends.

Senator DAVIS in political life was remarkably successful. He held the office of attorney general of his State for two successive terms, the office of governor for three terms, and was then elected to a seat in the United States Senate, and had not the "grim messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart" the Legislature of Arkansas, which is now in session, would again have elected him Senator. All the days of his life he was an unswerving Democrat and always stood by the nominees of his party with vestal fidelity. As a political campaigner he had no superior in the State. His friends and supporters, as also those who did not agree with him, attended his political meetings in great numbers. No man in the State approached him as to audiences in his speech-making tours, and his friends and supporters loved him, and their devotion to him was indeed beautiful to behold; they believed in and stood by him and for him on all occasions.

The Senator was not what is commonly called an eloquent speaker, neither was he a word painter, but he entertained and interested his audiences from first to last. In small counties often have I witnessed as many as from 1,500 to 2,000 people standing upon their feet for two hours, hanging upon his every word and frequently shouting their approval of his utterances. His

friends and followers had absolute confidence in the belief that he was truly interested in their welfare, not only their happiness and prosperity, but that he had the courage and ability to aid in bringing about results that would be helpful to them and the people of this country.

Senator DAVIS was born in Little River County, Ark., but resided in Pope County of this State for something like 40 years, and whose people were proud of his successive achievements. The people of this county were a conglomerate of the highest independence, coupled with a county clannishness worthy of Scotland's proudest chiefs. They loved the United States high above any other country, but loved Pope County more. All Arkansans were good to them, but a Pope County man had first call on their affections and regard. Senator DAVIS grew to manhood among this people and imbibed their characteristics. They knew him as no other people knew him, and honored him. One indication of individual worth and power is always associated with local reputation. The very intimacy of neighborhood affairs precludes the lengthened growth of incompetency. Weakness for a while may pass as strength, but the argus eyes of one's near neighbors soon disclose the wound.

It is to Senator DAVIS's highest credit that for nearly 40 years he lived with the people of one county, and all that time had their good will, respect, and their support.

Ability may take the form of the trained judicial mind, it may appear in the silver tones of the accomplished orator, it may touch the silent room of the thinker, or walk hand in glove with the artist or artisan. Ability may be acclaimed by the expert student and the verdict accepted, but there is an ability which rests upon an innate knowledge of popular thought and sentiment, an ability which knows the people, their weaknesses and strength, their wrongs and their aspirations. In this sense

Senator DAVIS was a man of the people and by easy steps essayed their championship. In this he won the admiration of his home people and largely that of the people of the State. We may quarrel with his deductions and decry his methods, but the fact remains that the people largely believed in and followed him. This insight into the *modus operandi* of popular thinking and the ability to touch the mechanism into response made him great. No other man in Arkansas had this power in kind or degree as he. The people of the State were shocked at his death. Without the trappings of wealth or the aid of a great family name he plunged into the vortex of popular rights and made for himself a name which reached far beyond the borders of his State. Among the great and learned he was not supreme, but among the plain people he was a conquering Achilles. When power crowned his career he still remained a people's man and he died in the harness. He rose, so to speak, from obscurity to the heights of renown and died on the crest of the wave. His rise was not meteoric, but steady and sure. He reached the sun-clad heights of his ambition and passed away with the illumination undimmed and left his countrymen the record of his life work.

On Sunday afternoon, January 5, 1913, Senator DAVIS was laid to rest at the capital city of Little Rock, in the beautiful Mount Holly Cemetery in the presence of 15,000 people; and in the presence of this multitude of people and standing by the grave of the dead Senator, Judge Jephtha Evans, of Booneville, Ark., a long-time and devoted friend of Mr. DAVIS and one of Arkansas's most able circuit judges, delivered a very able and eloquent address upon the life and character of Mr. DAVIS. I read here now a portion of his remarks:

When a giant carrying easily the loads of life in the fullness of his power falls dumb and prostrate on the earth, heartstricken

---

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DAVIS

---

by the darts of death, we, his surviving friends, gather in confused agony around his unbreathing form and unavailing tears spring unbidden to the surface and baptize with sorrow's sacred streams the pale countenances of those who loved him while he lived. How utterly powerless do we feel in death's mysterious presence.

I knew this tower of strength that lies in human ruin before me for a long term of years. Senator DAVIS was reared in the same section of the State where I have lived since boyhood. We lived about 50 or 60 miles apart, and I am his senior by a year or two. I was born at the beginning of the fratricidal struggle between the States, and he just as the conflict became flagrant. His father was a minister of the Baptist Church and mine is a minister in the Methodist Church, and both bore arms as members of the Arkansas troops in the Confederate Army. On reaching manhood Senator DAVIS went to the law, and I have made some struggling efforts in the same direction.

### HIS CAREER AS AN ATTORNEY

I knew Senator DAVIS first as a young lawyer at the bar. He was from the beginning a man of very marked ability and adaptation to the law. I was frequently in his judicial circuit and often witnessed his forceful strength. He was possessed of a legal mind of the intuitive kind. Where other men painfully sought out precedents and tried to follow legal principles along centuries of deviating counsel in order to ascertain the law, young DAVIS, with the precision of first-hand knowledge—of intuition—announced the right result.

Senator DAVIS was one of the finest trial lawyers I have ever known. He forgot nothing, overlooked nothing, neglected nothing, and saw through everything. The principles of the law favorable to his client's cause he stated clearly and handled with consummate ability. The evidence entitling his client to win he presented to courts and juries with such force that avoidance of the result he sought was all but impossible. He could come nearer than any lawyer I have ever known ignoring out of the judicial equation the principles of law and the testimony of witnesses unfavorable to his client's side.



NEVER TRIED CAUSES OF THE RICH

He was not very well suited to try a cause for a rich citizen against a common citizen. Indeed, I do not think he ever engaged in such a service. His great delight was to champion in court and vindicate the rights of the poor and weak against the rich and strong. His feelings and sympathies were always intensely human. While he was one of the ablest and most successful prosecuting attorneys the State of Arkansas ever had in its commission, I have frequently heard him thank God that no man was ever executed as a result of his four years' service as prosecuting attorney of the fifth judicial district.

His legal successes were always phenomenal, and at the time of his death his law firm, from every quarter of the State, was looked to as the champion of the weak against the strong, as capable of securing in courts of justice the legal right of the poor against the illegal right of the rich. The Lord Erskine, lord by divine right of poverty, ability, sympathy, and eloquence, of the Arkansas bar lies voiceless before me. He has gone to a higher court, a court where justice never miscarries, where the juries are never bribed, and where the judge never nods.

Mr. Speaker, when death comes the loved ones left behind "must tread the wine press alone"; to them words are but empty things, but we always feel deep sympathy for the bereft loved ones of the dead, and if we could relieve the stricken hearts in the lonely home of the departed Senator, what a joy it would bring to each of us—this we can not do. This great separation of husband, son, mother, wife, father, and children can not be spanned on this earth. Oh! there is so much parting in this life. Listen to the poet as he sings:

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain:  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again,  
As in the days long since gone by?"  
The ancient timepiece made reply:  
"Forever—never;  
Never—forever."

---

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DAVIS

---

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death and time shall disappear  
Forever there, but never here;  
The horologe of eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly:  
    “Forever—never;  
    Never—forever.”

ADDRESS OF MR. JACOWAY, OF ARKANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: Of all the sweet and sacred ceremonies that precedent has established in this body, none, I think, is more beautiful than the custom of meeting here to do honor to the memory of those of our friends and colleagues who have fallen before the sickle of the Reaper. This is the opportunity and the occasion for the expression of our sentiments of love, regard, and appreciation for those who have gone from among us, who have crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.

When, however, I come to the knowledge that it is my sad duty and my privilege to address you on the life, the character, and the public service of the late lamented Senator DAVIS, the thought that lies uppermost in my mind is the realization of the poverty of my own vocabulary, the fact of the poverty of all human speech to do aught but to depict in barest words the history of this man. Beyond that words are but vain and futile. The archives of his State and his Nation bear witness to what he has been, but there is no power under Heaven to gauge what he might have been, and none of us can know the work he left unfinished. God has written the last chapter of his life, and the angels have closed the book.

Senator DAVIS was peculiarly a product of Arkansas. During all the days of his life he was an actual resident of the State. Born in Little River County May 6, 1862, in the early days of that grim cycle of American history, when the plowshare was left to rust in the furrow while brother strove with brother in bloody conflict, his boyhood was not greatly different from that of the other

youths of the period. A simple country lad, he went his way about his boyish tasks uncomprehending, I dare say, the distress and the disaster that the war had laid upon his country, and perhaps but dreaming only in the vague and unformed way of childhood of the measure of greatness that some day was to be given him.

But after the inscrutable manner of fate, he was early stamped as a favorite child of fortune, and it was decreed that the simple and honest love that he bore for the Commonwealth should some day be paid back to him until his name was a household word from hovel to hall, that he should hold a place in the hearts of his people second to none and a position in the council chamber of his Nation.

The genesis of his political career dates from his admission to the bar when but a boy of 19 years. Eleven years later he was elected prosecuting attorney of the fifth judicial district of Arkansas, comprising the counties of Conway, Johnson, Pope, and Yell. Thence his career was a triumphant march onward. Measuring legal lances with one of the most able and astute bars of the whole State in daily warfare, his early training equipped him well for the high honors that were to follow. Four years later he became the attorney general of the State and in 1901 he was made chief executive. He was reelected in 1903 and again in 1905, establishing a record that has never been equaled before or since. Had his political career ended here, after this chain of unbroken successes, it might have been sufficient for the average man's ambition, but above and beyond was the ultimate goal. Its attainment seemed to be the inevitable end of his political policy—to bring nearer and dearer to him his friends, to stretch out his magnetic hand to others, until all vied with each other to search the gardens of their affection for flowers to weave into wreaths with

which to crown him. On February 27, 1907, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, serving his first term with the exception of a few days. Had he lived he would have succeeded himself in January of the present year.

Whether in the trials of causes in the court room or in the feverish campaigns that marked the hotly contested battles he waged for political supremacy, he was known as a fighter nor does history produce a general who laid his plans or adapted his tactics to the need of the hour with a skill more consummate than his. As a campaigner few knew human nature better than he, and as a public speaker he possessed an invincible potency, and few could gauge an audience with an accuracy more unerring than he. Politically he created his own sentiment and asked no man to go where he himself would not lead. A master in the art of invective and satire, it perhaps may be that he was sometimes severely caustic, but friend and foe alike admitted his power.

Born, as it were, in battle, even as the fragrance of the flowers in his early boyhood was blent with the acrid odor of burnt powder, so in later years the flowers of friendship that grew along the pathway of his career mingled their odor with the scent of hot fights for power and place. The early years found him a wondering boy, often pausing, perhaps, to listen to the dull, dead boom of cannon; and the later years find him a strong man, girt for the battle, a leader and a chief. The secrets of warfare were his, oftentimes the wounds and the hurt; but life had been lavish with its laurels, and even in the thickest, hottest of his campaigns he was spurred and inspired by the memory of other hard fights fought and won, and the knowledge of the multitude, the common people, if you will, who looked on him as their

champion and whose prayer was that their leader could not fail them.

Such was his public life. That he was loved by those whose trust he had, whose leader he was, the great concourse of people, 15,000 strong, who stood at his open grave testifies. From the home of his boyhood they came, from the field and the forum, near and far. Among them stood a coterie of the Nation's most distinguished statesmen, the emissaries of his Government, who had journeyed thousands of miles to do him honor, and all listened with bared heads to the rites that consigned him to the earth from whence he sprung.

The love and esteem in which he was held was intensified and deepened and broadened in his own home, where he ruled as a sovereign, a friend, and a comrade in one; a kind, a devoted and indulgent father, and a loving husband. Out beneath the stars in Mount Holly Cemetery at Little Rock he sleeps beside the Christian wife and devoted mother who went before him into the great beyond, while in the hushed home, with heartache and heartbreak, the lovely wife prostrated with grief, the aged and gentle mother who gave him birth, the stalwart sons and the womanly daughters he left, mourn his untimely death.

There is, Mr. Speaker, a consummate tragedy in the death such as that which overtook Senator DAVIS in the prime of his life and the full flower of his career. It was not the mustering out of the wayworn warrior at the end of the campaign, nor the docking of the ship at the home port. It came upon him with the stealth of an assassin, striking without warning and without mercy, unheralded and unanticipated. A moment he stood, a strong man in the pride of life, and then he fell. Like that mysterious realm that lies beyond the frontier of life, so also are the ways of death and its manner of coming beyond the

power of human mind to compass. Some die in the dawn of life, in that sweet world that is peopled only by loved ones, and knows no rule but a mother's loving guidance; and some go out with the twilight, with the knowledge that life could hold no more. But Senator DAVIS died at the noontime of his life, a strong man full of force and power, a sachem in the council. Some one has written:

Yet after all, it may be best, just in the sunniest, happiest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all.

Mr. Speaker, for us all Time is beating funeral marches to the tomb, and "neither wealth nor station nor prerogative" can stay the coming of our dissolution. In death there ever remains an unfathomed, unknowable mystery and a philosophy that passeth understanding. It is the transition from the finite to the infinite, the veiled link between time and eternity. We know that yesterday this man was here, high in place and power, loving and beloved—vital with the rich red blood of life. We know to-day that the finger of God has touched him, and that he sleeps and is not; that these halls, or any earthly halls will never again shelter his presence or ring with his voice; that he has entered into the state that knows no caste or class, no place or power. Whether it was for the best I can not say. I do not know, nor does any other man. But I know that God is, that a deathless force lives on, and that long after the moss has grown green on the stone that marks his resting place, his name will still be bright on the pages of his Nation's history, and his memory deeply embedded in the hearts of his countrymen.

ADDRESS OF MR. GOODWIN, OF ARKANSAS

MR. SPEAKER: Out of the great masses of the people few men rise to eminence and distinction. The Great Creator is not lavish in stamping the mark of genius upon his creatures. Under our scheme of government every man stands upon an equality with every other citizen of this Republic, but that all have been accorded the same treatment I shall not contend.

The world's progress has been made not by its leaders but by the toilsome millions whose voice is never raised in the Nation's councils, yet whose toil, denial, and sacrifices have wrought the glories of civilization. But the world's progress has been largely directed through its leaders. A swarm of bees readily becomes confused and disorganized with the loss of the queen bee. A flock of geese without its leader is chaotic and without direction. An army without its officers becomes merely an aggregation of men and can accomplish nothing. A church without its pastor soon becomes as a craft that floats adrift upon the turbulent sea of worldliness, without rudder, compass, or even harbor for its destination. So with the history of mankind. The great masses of mankind are engaged in the various vocational callings, bread winning, and by their virtues, labors, and patriotism constitute the Nation's greatness. But every community, State, and nation has its leaders in thought and action. Some one must lead and be trusted. The man of high resolve, clean purpose, and with ability to command is naturally chosen, oftentimes by common consent, as the leader and spokesman of a people. By nature, education, and talent he seems born to lead.



The late Senator DAVIS was a man of many gifts. We are yet too near his active career to give proper perspective to his great figure. Many of his activities already stand out in bold relief, but time can only give him his proper place in history. Essentially his greatest asset was his almost unerring judgment of men. Human nature had evidently been a great study with him, although naturally gifted along this line.

Most great leaders have been students of human nature. It is the greatest of all studies, as no problem of social life can be solved unless the people and their environment are understood. Pope understood this, as he so admirably expressed the thought in his great Essay on Man:

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man.

Born 51 years ago in Little River County, Ark., of poor but honorable parentage, Mr. DAVIS grew to manhood in the mountains of northwest Arkansas among the plain, unpretentious, patriotic people of that part of the State. Here, no doubt, the simple, natural manners and the homely sayings of these good people early stamped their impress upon young DAVIS, and these clung to him to the last.

The early environment of Abraham Lincoln, his knowledge and sympathies of people struggling for existence, their quaint expressions, and the homely illustration ever ready at his tongue's end always remained with and became a part and parcel of Mr. Lincoln's life and contributed much to his greatness. The greatest fortune that can come to a boy is to be reared upon a farm, to know life in its simplicity, to witness the struggles and achievements of men in all walks of life, sharing their sorrows and partaking of their griefs. It was in such an atmosphere that Mr. DAVIS was reared.

After attending the University of Arkansas for a while, Mr. DAVIS later attended the law department at Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., and was admitted to the practice of law at the age of 19, his disabilities of nonage having been removed by an act of the legislature of his State.

At this early age he launched out actively into the practice of law, and soon became a strong, popular advocate before juries, and later was in great demand as a political campaign orator.

Always an intense partisan, his political speeches bristled in epigrams and in denunciation of issues that ran counter to the tenets of his own party.

In 1892 he was elected prosecuting attorney for his judicial district, and reelected in 1894. In 1898 he became attorney general of his State, and in 1900 he was elected governor, and again in 1902 and in 1904, thus serving three terms as chief executive of his State, having broken all records for continuous service in that office. Upon an occasion like this it would be impossible to go into an analysis of the turbulent period during these six years as governor and the two years he served as attorney general, unless occupying time unusually granted upon these occasions.

Although opposed by men of talent and lofty patriotism, Mr. DAVIS was close to the hearts of the great masses of the people, and easily distanced all of his competitors, nor was he at any time in imminent peril of meeting with an adverse verdict of the people. During these eight years he was the stormy petrel in the shock of political combat, and there beat ever and anon about his strenuous, picturesque form the bitterest invective and denunciation by his enemies or the extravagant encomiums and the benedictions of his friends.

There have been few public men whose lives were so strenuous in the public service or more resolute in the determination to conquer and overcome all obstacles that beset their political pathway than was that of the late Senator DAVIS.

The political campaigns of Mr. DAVIS were always attended by an outpouring of the people for many miles around the places where he was advertised to appear. Men, women, and children would come by private conveyance for many miles and hang upon his every word, and when he died thousands of his fellow citizens believed that the foremost champion of human rights had passed away.

After coming to the Senate the law firm of which Senator DAVIS was a member built up a most lucrative practice, consisting largely of litigation arising from personal injuries. Possibly Mr. DAVIS as a lawyer was at his best when representing a mangled client who had been injured by a public carrier in the discharge of his duties. Here he could give vent to his great emotions, and by picturing the physical condition of his client and the alleged reckless and wanton negligence of the defendant company wrest a handsome verdict as a compensation for injuries sustained.

By temperament as well as by predilection Senator DAVIS would not have been a success as counsel for a great corporation. His sympathies naturally were with the weak rather than the strong. I would not say that he was a great lawyer, so far as an accurate, detailed, and labyrinthal knowledge of the law is concerned, for had he been a minister of the Gospel many of his brethern would have excelled him in abstruse theology and intricate metaphysics; but as an evangelist, picturing the horrors, the awfulness, and the degradation of sin, few

would have equaled him as a proclaimer of the Scriptures and in urging men to turn from darkness unto light. So, while he was by no means a master of the minutiae of the law, yet as an advocate of a client's cause, making the wrongs and injuries of his client his own, picturing in lurid colors the penury and sufferings of his client and those dependent upon him, Senator DAVIS easily became one of the foremost and most powerful advocates of the Arkansas bar. But it was not as a lawyer that Mr. DAVIS was best known both at home and abroad, but as a great factor in the political affairs of his State.

If I were asked to lay my finger upon any one chord of his great popularity in Arkansas, the one thing that made him invincible in his aspirations and close to the hearts of his people, I would unhesitatingly say that it was the implicit trust he reposed in the great masses of his countrymen. He always appealed to the public for his support, thus realizing, and properly so, that the great body of the people are the source and origin of all power and authority—a conception, alas, that many men in public life fail to appreciate. Nor did the people fail to respond with their votes, once they learned of his confidence in them, but rallied to him, thus gratifying his every political ambition.

In my opinion Senator DAVIS would have spurned any office other than that bestowed by the people themselves, as he was plainly a man of the people; and if this Republic is to survive and the conceptions of the fathers are to endure, if equality of opportunity is to be given to all alike, this country must rest upon the love and confidence of all the people to the end that the humblest may have a voice in its councils and render his contribution in the perpetuity of its welfare.

The sudden and untimely taking off of Senator DAVIS was a shock to all the people of his State, and had anyone

been skeptical of the intense hold he had upon the people all doubt would have been removed by attending the funeral in the beautiful Mount Holly Cemetery, in Little Rock, on Sunday evening, January 5 last. No similar outpouring of people from all parts of Arkansas has ever been witnessed before at any funeral. There must have been people from every county in the State, and multiplied thousands crowded around his home, his church, and the cemetery to pay their tribute of love and respect for one the people loved to honor; and as night was drawing his drapery upon the earth, shutting out the sunlight of heaven, all that was mortal of Senator DAVIS was laid to rest beneath a bed of roses and immortelles contributed as testimonials of friends who loved and trusted him; and by the tomb sat the aged and saintly mother, bereft of her only child, the bereaved widow, and grief-stricken children. And may the God of Mercy keep these as in the hollow of His hand.

### ADDRESS OF MR. SISSON, OF MISSISSIPPI

MR. SPEAKER: It was with profound sorrow that I heard of the death of Senator DAVIS. He had a host of friends and admirers in Mississippi. They looked upon him as a genuine friend of the people. He made mistakes—so do all men—but Senator DAVIS made mistakes that never did an injury to the people who toil and produce the wealth of the world. He spoke always for the great mass of Americans. Their interests and their rights were always uppermost in his mind and in his heart. You may search the records of his own State and those of the Nation and you will never find a vote of his that was cast against the best interest of the people who toil in field, factory, and mine.

Senator DAVIS had no enemies among the plain people. They knew and trusted him. I was present at a great gathering of people in one of the counties of Arkansas a few years ago when one of the hot campaigns for which that State is noted was at its crest. Senator DAVIS was to speak. Thousands of people were there—the plain yeomanry, the backbone of the country and of our national existence. When Senator DAVIS arrived there was a shout of applause. Everybody seemed to shout. The faces of these grim warriors of peace seemed to recognize that their chief was there, and before he had uttered a word it was evident that the crowd was his. Men and women rushed forward to grasp his hand, and not until the master of ceremonies took him by the arm and led him to the stand was there a moment that he was not shaking hands with the multitude, calling them by name, and having a kind word for each one of them. His speech was one which no man living but JEFF DAVIS could

make. He convinced all that heard him of his sincerity. They knew him to be their friend. They called him Jeff, and when shouting their approval it was "Hurrah for Jeff!"

Senator DAVIS despised—aye, hated—the tyranny and oppression of the rich. His soul went out for the poor and their sufferings. He was not in sympathy with the aristocracy of wealth, but with the aristocracy of worth. The nobility of men was not measured by him by their social position, but by their true and real worth. A workingman in his blue overalls, begrimed with evidences of hard toil, was to him more noble and more to be desired as a friend than the fashion plate of society. These are the qualities that made him friends and that made him enemies; friends of the workingmen and enemies of the selfish who would deprive them of the products of their toil. He believed in his heart in equal rights and equal opportunities. He opposed all special privileges and advantages by law. In a word he was a democrat in the broad sense of the word.

It can be said of Senator DAVIS that he never betrayed a trust reposed in him by his people; and if I were called upon to write an inscription for his tomb, I would write the simple phrase, "A friend of the people."

Mr. MACON. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members who may care to do so may extend their remarks in regard to the life, character, and public services of the late Senator DAVIS.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Arkansas asks unanimous consent that all gentlemen who choose to do so be permitted to extend their remarks in the RECORD. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

---

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: SENATOR DAVIS

---

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Accordingly (at 8 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 24, 1913, at 10.30 o'clock a. m.







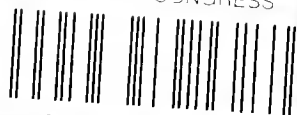








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 787 636 A